The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

A WOMAN'S CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal-wreath and ring enclose;
And gained the one out of all the world,
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will;

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He learns, who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

PHŒBE CARY.

HELEN GRAY.

Because one loves you, Helen Gray
Is that a reason you should pout,
And, like a March wind, veer about,
And frown, and say your shrewish say?
Don't strain the cord until it snaps,
Don't split the sound heart with your wedge,
Don't cut your fingers with the edge
Of your keen wit; you may, perhaps.

Because you're handsome, Helen Gray,
Is that a reason to be proud?
Your eyes are bold, your laugh is loud,
Your steps go mincing on their way;
But so you miss that modest charm
Which is the surest charm of all:
Take heed, you may yet trip and fall,
And no man care to stretch his arm.

Stoop from your cold height, Helen Gray;
Come down, and take a lowlier place,
Come down, to fill it now with grace;
Come down, you must, perforce some day:
For years cannot be kept at bay,
And fading years will make you old;
Then in your turn will men seem cold,
When you yourself are nipped and gray.

CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI.

THINE.

I know, beloved, thou dost often seek
(Wondering and doubting) for the secret chain
That links my life to thine. And when I seem
Drawn by the perishable chords of sense,
By beauty, and the silver tongue of praise,
Or passion's pleasure-pain,—thy faith is small.
But well I know these wonderings are of Time,—
Mortal phenomena of earthly life!
The transient outcome of my poorer self;
For when with thee, I find the eternal calm
An infinite richness of the central soul;
And harmony enspherein consciousness,
As ether does a star. So in the years
Of God's eternity, my calyx life
Shall open into lily opulence
Rooted in thee. AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

Miscellany.

A TOUR AMONG GOOD PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

HIGHWOOD PARK, July 24th.

Dear Revolution:

From Elmira, where I left you last week, patient reader, let us go to Geneva, to the residence of Mrs. Miller, (the only daughter of Gerrit Smith.) Perhaps some of our French and German friends, whose noble utterances Mrs. Miller has so long translated for THE REVOLUTION might like to know something of her appearance and surroundings. Her house is a spacious granite-colored brick building, with a piazza, twelve feet wide, running all round, surrounded with fine old trees, and thirty acres of cultivated land, with a smooth lawn gently descending to Seneca Lake, the most beautitul sheet of water in central New York.

In her little library in the second story, in view of the ever-changing hues of that glorious lake, Mrs. Miller spends hours every day reading and translating from French and German periodicals all she finds relating to woman. As she has been educating her children in Paris and Dresden, she speaks both languages with ease. Mrs. Miller, now past forty, is a fine looking-woman of medium size. She has a remarkably fair skin, black hair and eyes, marked features, softened by a profusion of natural ringlets. Her face expresses great sweetness and benevolence when in conversation, but unusual sadness when at rest. She is an honest, liberal thinker, though, like Carlyle, rather desponding at the slow triumph of good over evil; like him, too, she abhors all sham and deception in conduct and clothes. Her dress, furniture and equipage is always plain, but the best of its kind. Like her ornaments, *she is real.* I have often said of her and Susan Anthony, that above all men and women I ever knew, they are the most pure, noble, and self-sacrificing of human beings. As justice has never been done to Mr. Miller, I must say that, although he is neither a writer nor an orator, yet he has done more to raise the women in his circle of acquaintance to self-respect, courage, thought and action than any one man I know. He has always ridiculed fear, fuss and feathers, and conscientiously sustained his wife in expressing her own opinions and believing her own ideas. When she wore the Bloomer costume, he traveled with her through the country, walked up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and went with her to dinners and receptions in Washington, though she was subject to much ridicule and remark; for twenty years ago, a short dress, round hat and Spanish cloak were considered insufferable innovations.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller belong to the materialistic school of philosophers, who with Herbert Spencer, Buckle and Compte, accept a government of immutable laws for the race: wise, benificent for those who knowingly bring themselves into line with eternal principles; merciless in the ignorant masses, who, through the centuries, have been ground to powder by the very forces, that in obedience to law, might have secured their highest growth and development.

At Auburn, I enjoyed the hospitalities of Martha Wright, sister of Lucretia Mott. After discussing family matters, woman's journals, conventions, quarrels, modes of agitation in the old world and the new, we visited the Ex-Secretary of State, William H. Seward, whom we found in excellent health and spirits.

In obedience to the laws of health, he works in his garden every day, spending much time in the open air. I asked if we were not to have a volume of his travels in Mexico and Alaska. He said no, the market is drugged with travels; mere exterior facts, already. What the world most needs now, is philosophers who can organize the facts we have on hand, and point out the scientific laws on which our social, moral, and political life are based.

He talked very well on the tyranny of organizations, and said it had been his policy through life to keep out of secret societies, reform and sectarian associations, making his annual contribution to all churches alike;

which might indicate that he is very liberal in his theological views, and not sufficiently liberal to fear the influence of the popular theology. He thought the family and political ties were about all a man could maintain and preserve his individuality.

I thought to myself even these have crippled many a saint and statesman. Alas! how much goodness and strength the world loses from the warping and crushing effect of chains forged by our own hands for the subjugation of one another.

The moral and material world alike are moved by the ideas of advanced thinkers, by them has each step in progress been secured, and yet through what martyrdom, in every case, have these new truths, vital to the growth and development of the race, been uttered and maintained.

It was pleasant to find Mr. Seward so well, so quaint, and talkative, after the dreadful strain and painful scenes of the last eight years.

The New York *Sun* has been talking of him for our next Governor. There is not a man in the nation of more general information on all subjects that come up in conversation; not one who has thought more profoundly, and spoken more eloquently, on our republican institutions; and if he would consent, we could not do better than to make William H. Seward our next Governor. Why not? James Monroe was Justice of the Peace after being President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams, after filling the same high office, won his chief distinction in the House of Representatives.

When Horace Greeley and his coadjutors broke the sceptre of the Weed-Seward power in this state and the nation, it was thought a great achievement; but as we have had Democratic Governors in New York most of the time since, chance Presidents in the White House, and the great Republican party now wholly demoralized, it is not treason to "the powers that be," to think we might have done better under leaders who always knew enough to fill important places with the greatest men of their day and generation. It must be said of Thurlow Weed, that with all his imputed shortcomings, he had an intuition of great men, and the genius, in marshalling his forces, to place them in the front.

When we took our leave of the distinguished Secretary, he tripped down the steps, and helped us into the carriage with as much grace and agility as if but forty years of age. The greatest political sorrow I ever had, next to that one vote in Vermont for woman's suffrage, was the defeat of Mr. Seward in the nomination for the Presidency. So long as women are denied the unspeakable boon of self-government, the least the male voters can do is to make rulers for their wives and mothers of the choicest material the country affords. We have perpetuated this political dynasty of woodenheads, donkeys and flunkeys quite long enough. If there are no greater men to be found than Grant, his cabinet, and the last Congress, pray let the sex return to their academic shades once more, while the Deborahs, the Huldahs, the Esthers, the Vashtis, come to the surface.

Five hours after leaving Mr. Seward, I was dining with Gerrit Smith among the grand old hills of Peterboro. There I found his son, Prof. Greene Smith, who had just returned from Cornell University, where he had made his first essay in public, delivering two able lectures on ornithology. He has presented his collection of birds, the best in the state, to that college. The professor gave me many interesting facts of the equality of sex among birds, which I will give you next week.

I found my noble kinsman as enthusiastic as ever on the temperance question, endeavoring to rouse the voters of his county and state to the importance of forming an "Anti-dramshop party." As he was to deliver the oration at Syracuse on the 4th of July, in spite of cannon and fire-crackers, of which I stand in mortal fear, I accompanied him hither.

A splendid audience of Father Mathew societies greeted him in the new opera house. It was refreshing to liberal souls to see Catholics and Protestants, orthodox and heterodox, men and women, black and white, all seated together on the platform. It is a promising sign when a Radical Unitarian, like Samuel J. May, opens the same meeting with prayer, in which the Rev. James A. O'Hara, D. D., a prominent Catholic, pronounces the benediction. A bright young girl, in spotless white, read the declaration with great power and pathos. Old King George's aggressions never seemed so grievous as set forth by that impassioned girl. The glee clubs sang several fine temperance ballads, and the orator of the day made one of his best speeches, urging political action on the temperance question as the work of the hour.

Being called out at the close, I criticised Mr. Smith somewhat, by saying, that while I longed to see dram-shops abolished, I felt the preliminary work at this hour was to place the ballot in the hand of every woman, to secure 15,000,000 American citizens in their inalienable rights, their meats and drinks being secondary considerations; and as to the temperance question, this, too, was the shortest and only way of pushing that reform to success. I would remind these good anti-slavery friends, all over the country, that when the fifteenth amendment was pending, they said, let the women be quiet now until the negro is safe in the political kingdom beyond a peradventure; then your rights are next in order. Now the negro is a citizen—a legislator—and we find these same gentlemen switching off on temperance, capital and labor, free trade, Christianity—anything and everything but woman's suffrage. This will not do; redeem your promises, good friends, and by your faithfulness and earnestness make our question the next in order. Let the true men and women, in this republic, lay down the next political platform, and choose the next President.

We wound up our annual festival at Peterboro with a grand dinner at the new temperance hotel, to which all were bidden without respect to sex, color, or previous condition. Four innocent little pigs, and the usual number of cherry pies, were sacrificed on that natal day of our great republic. After the feast, we retired to the Methodist church, where, with prayers, national melodies and short speeches, the setting sun proclaimed the end of another eventful year in our young civilization.

In celebrating the 94th birthday of our Republic, I wonder how many American citizens thoughtfully pondered the great responsibilities of self-government, the magnitude of the work before us; to make and mould the institutions of a continent; to lift up to our divine idea of government the races now crowding our shores from every latitude and longitude of the eastern hemisphere, and the far-off islands of the sea. This is the price of American citizenship.

THE POLITICAL FUNCTIONS OF WOMEN.

A Speech by Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin, Burlington, Iowa.

Universal suffrage is the only tenable doctrine, unless you would go back to the one-man power and the divine right of kings; and universal must include woman. It is not necessary to arrogate the equality of woman with man, to prove her right to vote. No matter whether his superior, equal, or inferior, she is still entitled to equality before the law, in other words to full freedom. For what do we mean by freedom? Simply room to exercise and develop our God-given faculties, in any manner we choose, so long as we infringe not on the rights of others; that is, so long as we do not hinder others in the full exercise of their faculties. This freedom belongs to every one endowed with faculties, and is as much his birthright as the faculties themselves. From him who gave the power of thought is derived the right to freedom of opinion, and for one mind to attempt to force its beliefs on another is consummate tyranny. From him who implanted in the soul a desire for happiness is derived the liberty to seek one's happiness in any manner that does not interfere with the happiness of others.

The power of action implies the right of self-control, and until such right is forfeited by conduct proving the individual incapable of self-government, no man or statute can take it from him.

To impose upon me a law in which I had no voice, is tyranny; to take from my property to support a government in which I am not represented, is theft.

In the light of these fundamental principles we see the injustice of all present human governments to woman. One-half the human race have, with a coolness that would be ridiculous, were it not so wicked, assumed the entire ownership and control of the other half. Man makes the laws, and without so much as saying by your leave, commands us to obey.

All the burdens, all the penalties of government, are laid as heavily on our shoulders as on those of the stronger sex.

The female criminal is subjected to the same punishment as the male criminal. The poorest widow who owns a homestead is taxed in the same proportion as the lordly white male.

Our country needs the votes of its women. All human institutions demand the feminine element; without it they are essentially imperfect; and it is because man, confident in his own superiority, has ever studiously striven to exclude this element, that the progress of civilization has been so slow.

When God created woman man's help meet, he intended this aid to extend through all the departments of life. In art, in literature, in science, in government, was woman to be a help meet for man, as well as in the household. But man, forgetting this, has said, only

in one particular sphere can'st thou help in the onward march of humanity.

Hence slow and toilsome, and with many haltings, and retrograde movements, has that march been. In vain man seeks to advance, if woman is left behind. The condition of women of a nation determines its civilization, and the Saxon race to-day leads the van of freedom—because it, before all others, gave the earliest and fullest freedom to woman. Man may lay the foundation, but the feminine element must be called in to perfect the edifice.

What was the state of our literature until woman shared it? A field rank with the weeds of vulgarity and obscenity.

Woman enters, and the noxious plants immediately wither under her chaste tread.

Contrast the literature of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with the literature of the present day, and know that the improvement is due mainly to the influence of woman. Were her pen yet silent, purity would have to blush at every page. Literature, Science, and Art already feel her purifying, elevating influence.

Science, though she has studiously striven to exclude woman from her halls, honors and emoluments still owes some of her brightest laurels to her hands.

Art is now opening wide her doors, and entreating woman to enter in and purify her Temple.

Government still excludes her from its annals. The State still imposes laws upon her without her consent.

The law ever dragging at the heels of progress makes of her a mere appendage to man, and government, the State, the law, all are sufferers trom this exclusion.

We have thus far taken man on his own ground, and claimed for Woman Suffrage, that the State, that man may thereby be benefitted.

All past legislation has considered only the State and man's interest; that woman was a human being, capable of feeling, possessed of rights, and entitled to protection on her own account, seems rarely to have entered the head of the law. Man has legislated for the State, for himself, and for his property; but for woman only as she is connected with these.

If her chasty is protected, it is not so much from respect for purity, as that confusion may not be introduced into the family. So in every enactment, even those that are apparently in woman's favor, you will find on close examination that regard was had primarily to man's interest. The law has always taken more care of dollars and cents than of the rights of woman, and it will always do so until woman has a voice in making it. No class can legislate fairly for another class. Woman will not find justice, nor even decency in our Court-rooms, until tried by a jury of her peers, because of this idea of man that the law, the State, exists solely for his benefit.

We have endeavored, thus far, to show that for his own good, woman should share in the law and the State.

Now we claim for Woman Suffrage on her own account, as an independent human being, possessed of rights, owing duties, demanding responsibility. When we plead for woman we plead for all humanity; for woman's rights are identical with human rights, and he who sneers at the one, scouts at the other.

PHASES OF OUR PROGRESS.

BY JANE O. DEFOREST.

The true reformer is always willing to "work and wait;" yet it fills his heart with joy if he beholds speedy and triumphant progress as the result of his labors. There are those who, in the recent legislative decisions, see disaster and destruction "to the woman question;" but all *true* friends of the cause are by no means doubted. They can see the rapid progress made by it, even during the past year, and have every reason to "thank God and take courage."

This question does not include suffrage merely, but embraces all that tends to promote the highest well-being of woman, and through her of the human race.

Her educational privileges are rapidly increasing, and we chronicle each stage of progress in that direction as of vital importance to the cause of her enfranchisement. Let the women of our land become *thoroughly* educated, and we shall soon see a change come over them; a restiveness under old tyrannies to which they now cling with pleasure.

Thorough mental discipline and trained habits of thought are necessary before woman will be able to achieve her greatest success. The majority of those women who to-day are indifferent or opposed to suffrage, are seldom persons of real culture and vigorous thought. Few of them have ever given the subject candid and thorough investigation, and what is more, they do not wish to do so. It is far easier, far more agreeable to indolent human nature, to remain as they are, especially as it is fashionable and popular. Hence we repeat that the admission of women to some of the leading colleges is a most important step towards the goal of perfect equality. True, there are numerous ladies' seminaries where a *tolerable* education *may be* obtained; still a great majority of them send forth their graduates with a mere smattering of text-book knowledge, but an abundance of shallow accomplishments and romantic notions; whereas, if they were trained side by side with their brothers, foolish sentiment would be banished, and noble-thinking women sent out to wield a mighty force in the land. Many still maintain that woman has not sufficient physical strength to endure protracted and thorough study. This seems almost too absurd to need refutation, when we see the wonderful powers of endurance that she possesses, and which are now nowhere more strikingly exhibited than among our *delicate* (?) ladies of fashionable society. Just place a robust and muscular man in like position; compress his chest within an inch of suffocation; fetter his limbs with heavy dragging skirts, and then put him through the rounds of gayety and excitement, and our word for it, he will be much nearer the invalid list, than any of our lady aspirants for college honors.

The coming woman will be healthy and thoroughly cultured. She will not mistake invalidism for lady-like refinement, or supreme ignorance upon the great questions of the day, as "so very *womanly*."

Beholding, as we do, with the eye of faith, her future possibilities, we rejoice, with all our heart, as ponderous college doors are thrown open for her admittance.

Her late successful professional struggles mark a great advancement in public opinion, once so universally her opponent. The recent Congressional decision to pay women clerks at Washington the same wages as men is a notable triumph for the "woman movement." In Dayton, Ohio, a lady has recently been appointed as the principal of a ward school, and is to receive the same salary as her masculine predecessor. And this also, in the face of the old standing argument of the opposition, that the reason why the wages of women teachers are so much lower than those of their brothers is, that they do not enter the profession as a life-work; therefore, cannot be expected to give to it their best efforts.

Just here we would like to ask, how many of the gentlemen now teaching in our public schools expect to make it *their* life-work. Not ten in a hundred, we venture to say. Most of them teach for several years as a means of support, and a stepping-stone to something else. Nearly all of our ministers, lawyers, doctors and Congressmen have taught school in their day, and received the same pay as if they had enlisted in the cause for life. Indeed, we feel confident that statistics would show that there are as many, if not more, women who are teachers for life than men, by excluding the college professors.

Be this as it may, the salaries of lady teachers are gradually increasing; and when the hands who control the restless youth of the day are holding the ballot also, we shall see sophistry and tyrannical customs disappear as dew-drops in the morning sun.

The wonderful success that woman has recently achieved as an aspirant for literary honors, gives conclusive evidence of the rapid progress of this important movement. Ten years ago, very few ladies were effective speakers or lecturers, but to-day they are multiplying rapidly.

As for those who guide the talismanic few, the "odious blue stockings," of former days, verily their name is legion. As artists and sculptors, they are constantly increasing in numbers and fame, and are no longer considered as anomalies, perverted specimens of Nature's handiwork.

Lastly, the political equality recently attained in far-off Wyoming heralds, with forcible plainness, the approaching triumph of woman's cause in these United States. So possessing our souls with patient determination, we must work and pray with full and complete assurance of final victory.

THE blooming young lady who has not been taught to make bread, wash dishes, and do general housework, is the completest thing we know of—to make a young man miserable—in case he marries her; which he nor no one else should do. The girl who has not energy sufficient to learn those first lessons, is not not worthy of a husband.

The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says that a young woman, an operative in a factory in that city, who died suddenly on Sunday, had paid a mortgage of $500 on her father's farm, beside supporting herself.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have received from Miss Jean Ingelow the manuscript of her new long poem. It will appear, with other poems never before published, in the early fall.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

The sketch which we give the readers of the REVOLUTION this week, of one who is revered and honored wherever her name is heard, and who is tenderly loved by all those who are permitted to know her personally, is from the pen of Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, who, both from her friendship for, and intimate knowledge of Mrs. Mott, as well as by her known literary ability, is well qualified for the task she has performed:

My acquaintance commenced with Mrs. Mott the winter of 1845 under very peculiar circumstances, which revealed to me the gentle sympathetic womanly nature of the most symmetrical woman I have ever known. I have known many others more intensely intellectual, more highly cultivated, more literary and artistic, but never one so harmoniously rounded and perfected in all the Christian graces.

It was by the dying bed of a dear invalid, whom I was accompanying south, that I first saw Mrs. Mott. Never can I forget the calm strength in her expression, or the sweet repose of perfect faith, as, clasping my hand in hers, she bade me look up, and not into the grave Few as were her words, they lifted me from my despairing grief. A few days later she stood beside the bier, and the solitary mourner, and spoke as I have never since heard her; the tender pathos of her voice, the elevated thought, touched every heart present.

Now that grief has passed into memory, these sad days may be recalled to place on the brow of this truly representative woman another laurel. For four years following this period I often saw Mrs. Mott; was frequently a guest in her house, where my first impressions of her rounded nature deepened. I saw her with her children and grandchildren, always considerate of their happiness, always appreciative, entering cheerfully into their plans, without being absorbed by them. Loving and careful as she was for her own children, she was always thoughtful for others, and had kind words for them. Said a little boy to me once, "if all the ladies were like Mrs. Mott, I should not care if they were old, and wore quaker bonnets."

"Why so, my child?"

"Oh, because her smile is so sweet; it's sweeter than flowers, and I like her ever so much."

As a wife, I often noted her affectionate freedom, mingled with a rarely delicate deference toward her husband, James Mott, a man who impressed me as one without guile—pure, noble, upright, peace-loving and peace-making, he has gone to his Father a little before. Perhaps one of Mrs. Mott's most marked characteristics is a strong sense of justice which impels her to rebuke sin without fear, no matter in how high a place; to be severely critical, even of her friends, not, however, in a carping or fault-finding spirit; nor is she, in the least, pharisaical, though rigid in her own moral life.

Often as I have been her guest, I cannot describe parlor, bedroom or breakfast-room. I only know they were neat and orderly, and must have been harmonious in their furnishings, or I should have been disturbed. There must have been refined taste throughout, or I should have felt its want, for I am more dependent upon that than upon luxuries for my happiness. I remember perfectly her marvelous industry; in a little cupboard beside the chimney stood her work-basket. If callers came in, out came the work-basket, and the needle (which in her hand seemed rather a friend than a one-eyed demon) flew in and out, while the talk went on calm and smooth, as though the work were doing itself; and thus many a garment for the poor was made, and put aside for a call.

After breakfast a little cedar tub, with snowy towel, a mop and wash-leather polisher, was brought in, and while, with her own hands, the glass and silver were polished, the talk flowed on with an easy grace and freedom far surpassing her more labored discourses in meeting.

Delicacies prepared by her own hands were often found on the tables of invalids, and many comforts from her ample stores made their way to the poor, while the donor was unknown to the recipient. Her public life, her long ministry in her society, her deep interest in temperance, peace, and for the slave and woman, are so widely known, that even to the very youngest reader of the REVOLUTION they are not new, but the symmetrical character developed in home life cannot be known to all your readers.

Last winter, on my way south, I had the pleasure of a call from her; for more than ten years I had not seen her, but as I looked into her peaceful, spiritually beautiful face, I thought such an old age has charms beyond youth. May it be mine, like her, gradually to wear out, and not settle into a querulous old age of uselessness. She talked of Swarthmore College, of which she is still a trustee, with all the enthusiasm of a young person, and after she left, my friend said: "You would have been delighted to have seen Lucretia with us, sewing away with all diligence, making the carpets for the college, sitting upon a roll, and watching the cutting, that the figures matched exactly, just as diligent, and as earnest and active, as the youngest among us.

Seeing her in this home life, where all the machinery moved with such apparent harmony, I felt assured that the noble head knew that all was well oiled, and that every wheel fitted into its place perfectly. Hence I never desired to look behind the scenes for friction. If there were skeletons in the house, they were never aired for the benefit of friends. Always, as I left that pleasant home, I felt that I had been blessed in knowing a happy family.

I trust that this brief notice of one so dear to all true women may not seem a sacrilege, and that I may not be deemed an invader of the rights of hospitality, because I have written from my heart of one who will not long be with us.

In a letter just received from Mrs. Mott, she says: "I shall hope to attend the Decade Meeting, if not held in a partizan spirit," and this *we* know it will not be, as it has been more than a year in preparation, and looked forward to for years as a great and solemn event.

Yours, P. W. D.

MISS KATE V. JENNINGS, a quadroon, is the first colored woman that has received a clerkship in the Treasury Department in Washington.

MADAME SUSLOFF is a Russian doctress with large practice in St. Petersburg.

Foreign Correspondence.

DUBLIN TO LONDON.

BY REBECCA MOORE.

LONDON, July, 1870.

One of the most rapid transits in the United Kingdom is that which is made across sea and land by travelers, per the mail steamer and train between the capital cities of England and Ireland. The Irish Sea is sixty miles across from Kingstown to Holyhead. Our quick-sailing, lance-shaped steamer accomplished this passage in three and three-quarter hours. We had scarcely lost sight of the Hill of Howth, and Bray Head, and the Wicklow Mountains, which guard each side of the beautiful Bay of Dublin, when the Welsh Hills loomed upon the eastern horizon. Passing over the little stepping-stone island of Holyhead, we soon whirled across the sacred Mona of the Druids. It looks desolate enough without its mystic groves, but there are many sweet spots along its shores. The tubular bridge, with its great stone lions couchant, standing sentinels at each end, which connects Anglesea with the mainland, is its one wonder now. We passed over North Wales, and crossed England in a diagonal line in about seven hours. The weird-shaped hills and dashing waves of Wales contrasted finely with the garden-like culture, and park, and river, and gentle lawn scenery of England.

London, as usual, looks stately, and bright, and gay, with a garniture of blooming flowers on every possible window-sill. The cheerful, kindly Londoners are as self-contented, and as fully occupied in their absorbingly busy life as ever. They seem, in the simplicity of their self-sufficient and more or less sophisticated lives, to regard the provincial world as a sort of historical or geographical tradition, of which they only take account now and then by courtesy. But the great manufacturing towns of the kingdom, and the sister capitals of Ireland and Scotland, by no means concede to London this claim to be the head of our civilization, as well as the seat of government, and the imperial capital. They are conscious that they also are great nervous centres in the body politic, from which ideas and actions originate, and occasions often arise in matters of reform and popular agitations, in which they find it necessary to "gang their ain gate."

Some of the most advanced minds in the world are to be found in London nevertheless. But the exigencies of social and metropolitan life are so engrossing, and the demands of time and distance are so great, that continuous united action, on any question of benevolent and public import, is exceedingly difficult.* All honor be to those who nobly and bravely turn away from the idol of the hour, and calmly keep watch over the higher interests of humanity in the midst of this burning fiery furnace of life!

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Dean Stanley preached at Westminster Abbey the Sunday after my arrival in London,

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* Parliamentary topics, aristocratic gatherings and parades, exhibitions of art and literary celebrations, cricket and croquet matches, &c., fill to overflowing the programme of the "season" in London.

and I was one of the crowded congregation that heard him within the monumental precincts of this national temple. A fortnight before the dean had, in the same place, preached his beautiful funeral discourse upon Charles Dickens, and the newly closed grave was still strewn with summer flowers and immortelles, upon which the statue of Shakspeare, and the busts of Thackeray and Macaulay, seemed to look down in the sympathetic stillness of the Poets' Corner, while the colored light from Chaucer's memorial window shed a a glory on it.

The Parable of the Prodigal was the subject of Dean Stanley's discourse, and from an orthodox church point of view he treated it very liberally and well. After pointing out, in his picturesque style, the truth to nature and to human experience, of this tale of real life, actually recurring, as it does, in every country—in Spain as in Palestine, in France, in England, in America—he described, in vivid figures, the wanderings of the poor scapegrace. He then pointed to the three special lessons taught by the parable:

I. It teaches the reclaimability of the most lost, and even the most debauched. There are fountains in the human heart, which even the fires of passion cannot dry up; there are recesses, soft with the pulses of life, which even the indurating effects of crime cannot harden hopelessly. From this we may learn to work on for the return and redemption of the most depraved, nothing doubting.

II. This is a lesson of charity, teaching us what is due from man to his fellow in relation to the mind. This lesson is warningly exemplified in the conduct of the elder brother, the well-to-do, well-approved, prudent, self-contented man, whose bearing toward his prodigal brother has been repeated from age to age, by the professor to the lax and liberty-loving, by the philosopher to the ignorant, by the theologian to the sceptic. The type runs through humanity in different disguises and costumes.

III. The third lesson shows us what is due from man in his relation to God. It gives us, in the most touching and tender form, the Christian reading of the relation of God to man—God as a Father, ready to receive even his most erring children into the folds of his love. He comes forth to meet his wandering children with out-spread arms, in varied forms of invitation and welcome, in the sweet and heart-stirring beauty of nature, with its thousand voices of melody, its incense of flowers, its frowns and smiles of storm and sunshine; the waving welcome of the woods; the grandeur of mountain, and desert, and ocean, and the solemn, starry stillness of night—all appeal, in living words, to the heart of man, and call him home to the filial obedience of a child in his father's house. To these voices of nature, and in full accord with them, said the preacher, God added, in the fullness of time, his beloved Son, who was lifted up that he might draw all men to him. "This," concluded the dean, "is the Gospel of Christ."

VICTORIA DISCUSSION SOCIETY.

As usual, on the first Tuesday in the month, the meeting of this society was held at the Architectural Gallery, Regent street. There was a considerable asssemblage of men and women, and the general aspect of the audience was refined and fashionable. Miss Emily Faithfull occupied the chair. She bespoke a patient and generous hearing for the essay about to be read, which was in opposition to to that of last month. Mr. McGrigor Allan then read his paper, the title of which was, "A Protest against Woman's Demand for the Privilege of Both Sexes." Its purport may be summed up in two or three sentences, omitting the Latin quotations with which it was interlarded. Wifehood and Motherhood, he said, were women's natural position. An attempt to elevate woman to an equality of rights and privileges with man would, he argued, really degrade her. He denied her capacity for making laws, just as he denied her power to defend the country by force of arms. The demand for woman's rights he attributed to the enforced celibacy of so many women, on account of emigration and the conventional exigencies of the age, which so frequently prevent marriage in the middle and upper classes. Finally, he uttered the well-worn warning voice, that by claiming equality woman would forfeit the privileges usually accorded to ladies, and in aiming for glory, would lose the real honor which is her due. An animated discussion followed the reading of the paper.

Mrs. Inglis warmly protested against woman being regarded simply as a wife and mother. A man is not simply a husband and father. His first duty is to God and his own soul. A woman's first duty is likewise to God and her own soul; her next to her husband and children, if she is blessed with them. It must be admitted that some women are very foolish indeed, but we have a well known authority for saying that they are led to be so to match men.

Vigorous speeches were made by Mr. F. S. Johnson, Mrs. Massingberd Murray, Mr. Thomas, Dr. Drysdall, Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Hooper, Rev. Alexander D'Orsay, and Miss Faithfull. Rev. Mr. D'Orsay spoke strongly on the defective and superficial education of girls, and submitted that until they were better trained they were no more fit to exercise the franchise than unintelligent men are.

Miss Faithfull, n reply, said the opponents of the movement which she advocated were fighting an imaginary shadow, if they supposed that those who believed in the fuller development of women wished to set nature at defiance. It was their deep belief in the distinct powers of men and women which led them to feel that until their action was combined, even in reference to the state, they were working from a one-sided point of view. It was generally acknowledged that while a man provided the home, it was a woman's duty to regulate it, and all she asked was for an expansion of this. While men defended their country with their swords, women were bound to assist in the social regulation of it. She repudiated the serious charge that a contempt for domestic life and domestic duties found favor with those concerned in this movement. They desired, most seriously, to bridge over the gulf which, according to friend and foe, was widening between men and women; but they thought that domesticity had few worse enemies than the advocates of a system which separated their social, intellectual and spiritual interests. In answer to the accusation that they were setting aside divine teaching, she desired to say most emphatically, that if she could not reconcile this movement with the highest Christian rule, she would never say another word in its favor."

Thanks were given to Miss Faithfull for presiding. The meeting was said to be the most brilliant and successful of the session.

LITERATURE BY WOMEN.

"*Political Economy for Beginners*," by Millicent Garrett Fawcett. This is a useful little book for giving an elementary knowledge of political economy, a subject which it is most important for women to study. It is a subject of practical interest to girls when well treated. I have been told by the principal of one of the highest class schools in London, that when, some little while ago, Dr. W. B. Hodgson was giving a course of lectures on Political Economy, at her school, at Latcham, there was a marked improvement in the out-of-school conversation of the girls. Subjects of dress, and plays, and parties declined, and questions of practical life, of duty and use, predominated in the playground.

The Russian papers mention with praise a new book by Mme. Maria Manassienoi, entitled, "*The Education of Children in the Earliest Years of their Life.*"

A Spanish lady of Valentia, Lenora Inez Henrich, is now engaged in translating into Spanish several of the best Italian dramatic works.

From Naples we hear of the death of Signora Cecilia de Luna Falliero at an advanced age. In America, and especially in France, Signora Falliero published several esteemed Italian works, and amongst them "Studies in Moral Philosophy." Her best known work is an early one on the "*Education of Women*," which, being translated into French, received a gold medal from the Statistical Society of Paris. Very sincerely yours.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

LONDON, JULY 6.

MADAM: I mentioned in my last letter the disappointment which had been experienced here at the reception the Married Woman's Property bill encountered in the House of Lords. The promoters of this bill have now placed in the hands of Lord Cairnes a petition protesting against some of the proposed amendments, saying that in the judgment of those who have been considering the claims of justice and the necessities of the case, no measure can be adequate for the protection of the property of married women short of the total repeal of the common law on the subject. They justly express astonishment that rules which are daily administered in a Court of Equity should be held to be too violent to be embodied in a bill, and notice, with great pain and sorrow, the arguments which were used against the Bill. They urge "that relief to innumerable women whose lives have been darkened, and whose homes have been made desolate, by the cruelty of drunken and profligate husbands, should not be denied, because of a dread that in some instances wives may be guilty of misconduct, since it would be thought absurd to adduce the moral character of such dissolute as a reason for depriving them of the control of property legally their own."

The marriage of the Earl of Derby and the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury was solemnized yesterday (6th) at the Chapel

Royal; it was strictly private, owing to the recent death of Lord Clarendon, to whose daughter Lord Derby's brother is married. In the afternoon, with the rest of the world, we went to see the Prince and Princess of Wales lay the foundation stone of a church which is to be built in Oxford Street for the deaf and dumb. We have a very large number of deaf and dumb people in London, and the want of a central place of worship for them has long been felt. There is one very interesting service at a city church every Tuesday evening, where a "silent service" may be seen. It is a strange sight, the wonderful digital dexterity of the chaplain and his expressive facial changes, and the almost painful attention of the congregation. The principal Sunday service has hitherto been held at the Polytechnic Institution, but the building of which the foundation stone was laid yesterday, will consist not only of a church, but of a lecture hall, where secular as well as religious instruction will be carried on. A capacious tent was erected for the ceremonial; over the site of the church, on each side of the platform, were ranged the "silent people" themselves; the Archbishop of York conducted the religious proceedings, and among the visitors were the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, Mrs. Gladstone, and many distinguished people. As the Princess of Wales took her place on the dais, a magnificent bouquet was presented to Her Royal Highness by Miss Woodman, a deaf and dumb lady, who has herself collected more than £140 towards the building. The Princess was looking very pale, and it is doubtless a good thing that the hard work of the season is over, and that she will be able to seek rest and change with her family in Denmark. Her Royal Highness and the children leave Marlborough House to-morrow, and Belgravia will soon be deserted. The parties are fast reducing in number, and the last ball is close at hand.

We had a very excellent debate at the Victoria Discussion Society on Monday, and there seemed an evident wish to hear both sides of the question, and to arrive at the right conclusion. I enclose you the account given by the *Daily News*, as you may care to place it before your readers:

JULY 4th.

VICTORIA DISCUSSION SOCIETY.—Miss Emily Faithfull, the President, occupied the chair by request, the subject being "A protest against woman's demand for the privileges of both sexes." This paper was read by Mr. M'Grigor Allan, who took a contrary view to that held by the reader of the paper last month. The room was crowded with a fashionable audience, ladies predominating. Miss Faithful bespoke for the attacking party a patient hearing. The agitation for women's rights, Mr. Allan attributed largely to the enforced celibacy of so large a number of our country-women, on account of emigration, and the growing objection of middle and upper class men to contract marriage. Wifehood and motherhood, he said, were women's natural position. Women could no more make laws than they could defend the land, or men perform the duties of wifehood and motherhood. A very vigorous discussion was engaged in by Mr. Ledger, Mrs. Inglis, Dr. Drysdale, Mr. F. S. Johnson, Mrs. Massingberd Murray, the Rev. Mr. D'Orsay, and others. Miss Faithfull, in reply, said the opponents of the movement which she advocated were fighting an imaginary shadow, if they supposed that those who believed in the fuller development of women wished to set Nature at defiance. It was their deep belief in the distinct powers of men and women which led them to feel that until their action was combined even in reference to the State, they were working from a one-sided point of view. It was generally acknowledged that while a man provided the home, it was a woman's duty to regulate it, and all she asked was for an expansion of this. While men defended their country with their swords, women were bound to assist in the social regulation of it. She repudiated the serious charge that a contempt for domestic life and domestic duties found favor with those concerned in this movement. They desired most sincerely to bridge over the gulf, which, according to friend and foe, was widening between men and women, but they thought that domesticity had few worse enemies than the advocates of a system which separated their social, intellectual, and spiritual interests. Then they were supposed to be setting aside Divine teaching. She desired to say most emphatically that if she could not reconcile this movement with the highest Christian rule she would never say another word in its favor. The meeting was the most successful of the session.

The London National Society for Women's Suffrage, have just issued a circular, with the following details, about the progress of the bill for removing the electoral disabilities of women:

When, three years ago, it was proposed (by the insertion of a clause in the Reform Bill, then passing through the House) to admit women to the exercise of the franchise, it was felt that the number of eighty-two votes then recorded for it justified us in believing that there existed, both in and out of the House of Commons, a considerable body of public opinion in favor of the measure we are engaged in urging upon the attention of the Legislature. But this year the advance is most marked and encouraging. 161 members of the House of Commons, including those who paired, have recorded their votes in favor of the object of this Society, besides about twenty whose names have been publicly stated to be pledged to it; and it cannot be denied that a proposed measure, which, after having been only a few years before the public, has already secured in its favor upwards of one-fourth of the whole House of Commons (and that without the aid of ministerial influence or out-door agitation), must possess a solid basis in the opinion of the country. The position also assumed towards this movement by the leading politicians of both parties is significant of its importance. We neither expect nor desire that the Executive Government should make an exception in our favor to the general rule, by which it abstains, in a free country like our own, from anticipating public opinion in any measure however beneficial. But the hesitation of the present Government, before deciding not to support the measure this year, is a very clear indication that it is felt, by those most competent to judge, that public opinion is rapidly ripening in our favor, and that the number and weight of our supporters cannot be overlooked. And not only was the measure supported by independent members, numbering nearly a quarter of the whole House, but among those who voted for it were the two gentlemen whose duty it is to muster the votes of the Opposition, the gentlemen until lately filling that office to the party now in power, and several members of the present Government.

Considerable stress was laid, in the late debates, on the presence or the absence of petitions, both by the friends and opponents of the measure. Petitions, signed by upwards of 134,000 persons, having been presented in favor of it this session, it was, nevertheless, remarked by several members opposed to the measure, that they themselves had never been called on by their constituents to present any petition in its favor.

The society has also issued the following list of questions:

What do Women Claim?

That women who, as regards residence or property, fulfill the conditions on which the franchise is given to men, should receive the franchise also.

Why should Women demand the Franchise?

(1.) Because it is unjust that those women who are taxed equally with men, should have no direct power to say through Members of Parliament how the public money should be raised, and how it should be spent.

(2.) Because women, no less than men, must obey the laws; because some laws affect the interests of women specially; because women, as a class, must be the best judges of their own interests; and because political experience asserts that no large class of citizens is fully protected without a share in the making of the laws which affect them.

(3.) Because, in one word, women would get all the political benefits which the Act of Household Suffrage gave to the unenfranchised man.

What effect would the possession and exercise of the Franchise have on the characters of Women?

By concurring in the election of those who make the laws, they would feel their responsibilities as citizens more fully, and the exercise of this duty would tend towards the formation of sounder opinions, not only in political, but also in social matters.

What public benefit would be the result of giving the Franchise to Women?

It is not for their own sakes alone that women claim the suffrage, although on that ground there are reasons enough for it in the laws by which, in all social conditions, women are liable to be affected; but it is that they may be enabled to bring to the public aid, not only their general, but their special experience and knowledge in dealing with the legislative questions which are constantly arising. The work and the thought of women have been of inestimable value to the world, in raising the aspirations and alleviating the sufferings of the human race in all stages of existence, and they are not less necessary now, when we need so much national and associated effort.

Do Women themselves desire the Suffrage?

That large numbers do desire it is proved by their petitions to Parliament. Those women who do not want it need not use it, but they have no right to withhold the suffrage from those who desire to exercise it than men who do not value the franchise have to withhold it from men who do.

Forms of Petitions and all information can be obtained on application, by letter, to the Honorary Secretaries, Mrs. P. A. Taylor and Miss C. A. Biggs, Aubrey House, Notting Hill, London, W.

The Royal Academy Conversazione has been one of the most interesting soirees of the season, and as the invitations were limited, the crowd was not so great as at the Society of Arts at South Kensington Museum. The company included the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and a host of distinguished people. The band of the Grenadier Guards played some excellent music during the evening. Gustave Dore's new picture, however, is, to my mind, worth all the Royal Academy put together; his "Christian Martyrs" is a work of genius, and the most perfect painting he has produced.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

AMONG THE ADIRONDACKS.

JULY 18, 1870.

Here, surrounded by the beauties of nature, I find THE REVOLUTION domiciled and appreciated.

Northern New York will prove as true to the cause of Woman's Enfranchisement as she has proven herself to be the friend of the colored race.

Taking up the Plattsburgh and Keesville papers, I find reports of meetings having been held at Lower Jay, Upper Jay, Ausable Forks, Elizabethtown and Keene. The meetings were addressed by Miss Ida Frances Leggett, of N. Y. The Keesville *Republican*, in speaking of the meetings, says:

"The houses were so crowded that standing room, even, could not be had. The people enthusiastically requested another address. Mrs. Leggett will hold a meeting in this place, and we see no reason why she should not have a good house. No lady lecturer, certainly, that we know of, is better entitled to a hearing."

Mr. Lansing, editor of the Keesville *Republican* is a true friend to the movement. He informed me that some of the oldest lawyers and judges in that section were ready to publicly advocate the enfranchisement of woman.

I learn that Mrs. Leggett while doing yeoman service on the platform is also acting agent for THE REVOLUTION in the towns which she visits.

AUGUSTUS.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LADY ARTISTS.

We have received the following letter containing Mr. Prang's very liberal offer to Women Artists with great pleasure, and shall be glad to do all in our power to aid the fulfillment of this truly generous enterprise, for which Mr. Prang should have the thanks of all who are interested in women's advancement.

BOSTON, Mass., July 8th, 1870.

Dear Editress:

Why should we leave to Kings and Queens the privilege of tempting female art genius by extra reward? If it pleases you to lend your aid, by appointing a committee of ladies, able and willing to take charge of the practical part of the enterprise, then I will set out a sum of $500.00 for premiums on works of art by female artists. I think this sum might be divided in $100.00 for the best illuminated motto or poetical sentiment; $150.00 for the best flower composition in water color, and $250.00 for the best child picture in oil.

All I ask for myself would be the privilege of buying, for the purpose of publication, any of the premium pictures at the artist's usual price. May I hear from you on this subject. Your friend, L. PRANG.

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money.

As his desires have all the characteristic modesty of his sex, we see no reason why they should not be gratified!

The Border *Sentinel* says: "A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasing, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary, and zealous.

We would just venture to inquire mildly, whether the *average man*, on obtaining the woman described in the above paragraph, might not, from the contrast, be slightly uncomfortable with his prize?

THE FREEDMEN.

Josephine S. Griffing, in the *Washington Chronicle*, gives us an interesting report of the work of the National Freedmen's Relief Association, from which it appears that though much has already been done by the Association for the helpless, aged, and destitute, and its calls have been most liberally responded to by the people of the North; still, the means in hand, are very insufficient for the needed work, and the lady makes an earnest appeal to the generosity of all sympathizing hearts in behalf of this most unfortunate class of Christ's poor. We earnestly hope the call may be answered.

NIAGARA FALLS.

Hon. HENRY O'CONNOR, Attorney-General of Iowa, and President of THE IOWA STATE SUFFRAGE SOCIETY, also, Vice-President of THE UNION WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY, writes us as follows:

"Of course, Saratoga on the 28th and 29th inst., is out of the question. I would like very much to be at Niagara Falls August 3d and 4th, and do not give up the hope, and will certainly make an effort to be there."

We consider General O'Connor one of the best speakers in the field for Woman Suffrage.

MEETING OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

The usual Friday afternoon meeting of the Woman Suffrage Society was held at their rooms, 31 Union Square and Sixteenth street.

A most able and satisfactory report from the President of the Saratoga Convention was read and unanimously adopted.

Mrs. Wilborn then alluded to a letter from the Governor of Wyoming, testifying to the fact that ladies holding office under his jurisdiction had *invariably* acquitted themselves with *honor*.

Dr. Marvin said he was daily receiving letters from leading savants and other distinguished men in Europe, relative to the rapid strides this reform is making there, and the brave march of women up the heights of professional science hitherto deemed accessible to man alone.

The book, "A Plea for our Alters and Hearths" was slightly commented upon by Mrs. Wilborn. She thought the arguments brought forward *against* "Woman's Rights" the very *strongest in their favor*, and that this plea was the last grasp of superstitious prejudice.

Mrs. Blake then made a spicy little speech in regard to "doings" in Committees, and presented the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Association presents its thanks to the members of the Com. Legislature, appointed to consider Woman Suffrage, for their favorable Report, and sincerely hopes that the "Land of steady habits" may be the banner State. Adopted."

Miss Sue Smith in a few womanly, eloquent words, then expressed her sympathy in the "Working-womans' Movement," which sympathy was responded to by the Society and embodied in the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That this Association is heartily in sympathy with the movement now going on among the Saleswomen of this city, and that we do herein offer the members of this new society our congratulations on their success, and our best wishes for their future, and assure them of our desire to co-operate with them. Adopted."

The meeting then adjourned, to meet on Friday following.

ORGANIZATION OF SALESWOMEN IN PLYMPTON BUILDINGS.

By special appointment, on Thursday evening, 21st inst., the saleswomen of New York, together with numerous sympathetic friends, and a large portion of the members of the Dry Goods Clerks' E. L. Association, met in Plympton Buildings, on Eighth street, and held a meeting for organization.

Mr. Wittenbuschee conducted the exercises as chairman, *pro. tem.* "Netta" addressed the audience with earnest feeling, and exposed glaring abuses of the power now monopolized by employers in many establishments. Her reference to the disgraceful policy of some proprietors, who turned away excellent saleswomen, native citizens, and filled their places with Massachusetts and Pennsylvania girls, who were reported as being willing to work for *lower wages*, but who *wore diamonds and costly silks*, was very forcible.

Mrs. L. D. Blake was again present, and testified her heartfelt sympathy in the movement of the saleswomen by a speech, full of energy and pathos.

The necessity of organization was most prominently dwelt upon. Some of the male speakers argued the vital importance to the Society of having members generally take an active part in the discussion of the various questions proposed. They invited the saleswomen to attend their Wednesday evening meetings, and join in their exercises, and see how much interest and effect was added by the prompt participation of members generally on such occasions. It was the only method by which the public could be impressed with their earnestness in this movement.

The following officers were nominated temporarily: Mr. Wittenbuschee, Pres., "Netta," Vice-Pres., Miss Josephine Crawford. Rec. Sec., Mr. J. Smith, Cor. Sec., and Miss Kate Donnelly, Financial Sec.

And so the ball moves! By the earnest words of one sympathetic woman, a number of generous men have been aroused to lend their influence and aid to the utmost in forming a Society whose future actions are to tell with wholesome power, not only on our community, but on the general welfare of our race.

The only step now wanting to develop the highest results possible from this movement, is the *union* (not incorporation into) of the Saleswomen's Society with that of the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association.

Gossip.

The National Labor Congress assemble at Cincinnati, August 15.

Speaking of teeth, some one said to Tom the other day: "Why don't you use this new dentifrice?" "O," said Tom, "because it's so's I don't, (Sozodont.)

Why was the man Friday like a barn-door rooster?—*Answer this week.*—Because he scratched for himself and Crusoe (crew so.)

A chap whose peculiar line of wit as how we should pronounce the clothes-line, says: "The clothes-horse is in order at any time, but muzzlein' dogs can only be seen during the heated term"

Charles Dickens lived longer than Shakespeare, who died at fifty-three; than Byron, who died at thirty-seven; than Thackeray, who died at fifty-two; than Burns, who died at thirty-seven; and was one year younger than Macaulay, who died at fifty-nine.

"I think," said A. Bronson Alcott, in one of his conversations, "when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish, and if he feeds on pork, may he not grow swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge, who was one of the listeners. "But when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

Miss Phœbe Cousens, the St. Louis brunette, in a speech at the Woman's Rights Meeting in New York, on Tuesday, mentioned her recent discovery of what the mission of the inferior being, man, is. It is to clean the household crockery; and this she based on the authority of the Bible, in II Kings, xxi, 13: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish; wiping it and turning it upside down." Miss Cousens thinks there is quite as much reason in this as in the test by which woman's sphere is established.

"Refined homes are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, digging, delving, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family in the quiet possession of its own hearth; and, secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.—*Nation.*

Here is a pen photograph of the young Prince of Asturias: A stupid, languid-looking boy, with a very long nose, and small black eyes. As a general thing, he is dressed in a costume that is most unbecoming to him. He can read, but writes most clumsily and unorthographically. His favorite occupation is training a little Shetland pony, with which he spends daily six or seven hours. He speaks Spanish very slowly, and with the peculiar Castillian accent; French he speaks less fluently, but better than most Spaniards do. People who know him assert that in case he should ever ascend the Spanish throne, he would be a meaner man than his grandfather, Ferdinand VII., was.

THE SWEETEST MOMENT IN LOVE-MAKING.

"Perhaps there is no period" says Anthony Trollope, "so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by any eyes or ears and sense but those of the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl *who has made a shirt for the man she loves*, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars, haycock, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1870.

THE AMERICAN GENIUS OF UNREST.

Wherever he is to be found, an American is a restless being. In the early period of his existence, as Young America, his irrepressible excitability makes him the tyrant over patient mammas and long-suffering nurses; it forces him to slide down balusters, to the imminent hazard of any but the juvenile neck; it sends him climbing up trees, over rafters and beams of buildings in process of erection, up all sorts of impossible places, regardless of fractured bones or pantaloons; it makes him scamper before fast-trotting horses in the street, to see how nearly he can come to being run over, and yet escape unharmed; in short, it impels him to go through a long catalogue of performances far beyond the reach of the adult imagination, and which make it a matter of surprise that any one of the masculine gender arrives at maturity, at least with the proper complement of legs and arms left him. Always and everywhere, the American youth is the very genius of unrest.

European babies may submit to be swathed tightly in an unresisting bundle; he insists on the freedom of his legs and arms, to pull and kick at his own free will. Some wiseacres tell us that this instinctive unrest is to be attributed to the effect of our climate; but Indian babies calmly submit to the same mummifying process, and, bound to a board, lean composedly for hours against the side of the wigwam, satisfied with the poor privilege of rolling their eyes, the only portion of their bodies which they are left at liberty to move.

No American baby would submit to such an indignity; and as no one will dispute that the Indian child is an indigenous production of the country, the theory of atmospheric influences, as productive of restlessness, must be abandoned. It is a matter, not of climate, but of race. As he grows older, the American exhibits the same peculiarities, although developed in other directions.

Our half-grown boys, whom we send to Europe for education, are a terror and an amazement to the calm Teutons, and even to the vivacious Frenchmen, to whom we commit them. The freaks and vagaries to which their quick leaping blood impels them are a never-failing source of alarm to their instructors; and careful parents hold them up to their children as frightful examples and warnings against insubordination to superiors.

Arrived at manhood, an American is not a whit more sedate. If he is so unfortunate as to be the son of wealthy parents, his energy is too apt to effervesce in dissipation; and if he has the good luck to be obliged to make his own way in the world, no obstacle daunts him in his struggle for fame and fortune.

No enterprise is too vast for him to undertake—no commercial scheme too gigantic for him to shrink from; he reaches across the Atlantic, to cajole the capital of the old world to come over and double itself in the coffers of the new. He attempts all things: in the way of sports, he challenges the most renowned champions; he races and bets with the Englishmen; in this respect, showing his kinship with the nation of whom poor Haydon said, "Wherever the Englishman goes, he carries three tastes with him, viz., racing, betting, and portrait-painting."

Our young American in Paris out-dances and out-frolics even the students of the Latin quarter; he fights duels with the Germans, but in his own style, not the foolish and disfiguring encounters of the universities, and so puts an end to those disgraceful relics of a past age; he goes to Italy, not only to study art, but to set up his studio under the very shadow of the Vatican; the unrivaled works of the divine masters do not dismay but inspire him; as a tradesman, he outwits the modern Shylocks, the Jews themselves; as a traveler, he out-scampers the Russians. Everywhere, he is noticed, talked about, run after by hordes of hungry hangers-on, ridiculed, humbugged, and respected.

The old world is never weary of the spectacle of these strange beings, whom it is at a loss to classify, whether as a new order in civilization or as half civilized barbarians.

At home, the American is as restless as he is abroad. No ties of locality bind him to early home or to native cities. It costs him hardly a struggle to leave all home associations, and plunge into the far West; in fact, the far-off and the new have a strong fascination for him. Change and variety are a passion with him; and this love of change, which which is so general among Americans, at one season of the year becomes universal.

When the dog-star rages, all the people, young or old, rich or poor, ill or well, seem possessed with a sudden desire for travel. By couples, by groups, by troops, or alone, they rush from city to country, from the seaside to the mountains, from lakes to rivers, from east to west, and from the west to the east.

Steamboats, railways, hotels, are all crowded to overflowing with this tumultuous horde of human beings, and, alas, all the most unlovely characteristics of the American, not to say of the *genus homo*, are exhibited. It is enough to appall the most devout believer in the progress and development of the human race to see how rapidly, under the stress of circumstances, the civilized being of this nineteenth century relapses into a barbarism that would do credit to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the time of the Roman occupation.

Men and women dressed like ladies and gentlemen, and no doubt accepted as such in their own immediate home and social circles, push and scramble and crowd against each other in search of the best seats, the best places, the best everything, in a manner which would do credit to a troop of rapacious savages.

The bald exhibition of selfishness which one encounters in any journey, however short, is enough to make one blush for one's kind, and at the same time rejoice that a code of social laws has been enacted which restrains and compels men into decency, among acquaintances, at least.

Could anything be more disgraceful than the struggling crowds, who, during the height of some crowded seasons at Saratoga, besieged the entrances to the dining rooms at the hotels, and on the opening of the doors, surrounded the tables and fell upon the viands like the hungry rats in Bishop Hatto's tower.

Would one believe it possible, if one had not seen it, that a well-dressed and well-educated woman, in a good rank in society, could deliberately seize upon a delicacy at a public table, knowing it was intended for all seated near her, and divide it between herself and her husband; then eat it composedly, while her neighbors were told by the waiter in her hearing, that there was no more to be had, as each table had its allotted supply. Yet, such things are done by women, who, taking advantage of their sex, venture on acts, which in a man, would be resented at once.

Not long since a youthful and well-dressed man and wife were waiting in a hotel reception-room for the coach which was to convey them to the railway station. In the same room and waiting for the same conveyance, were an elderly gentleman and lady, old enough to be the parents of the younger couple. The latter pair watched the windows eagerly to see when the coach appeared, and almost before the servant could announce its readiness, they rushed out, pushing rudely by the aged couple, and hurriedly reached the coach, appropriated the best seats to themselves, leaving the elderly gentleman and lady to take what remained. Now, had these four people been introduced to each other, does any one believe that the younger ones would have exhibited such rudeness to the elder couple? Would they not, at a social party, have been eager to offer them seats, even if obliged to stand in consequence? But is the code of good-breeding binding only on people who know each others names? Is there no respect due to age or infirmity from youth and health.

There is an old saying, "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Cossack underneath." Is the external polish of our politeness in society merely a thin coating which the first touch will rub off, showing the coarse grain below it?

True good-breeding is unselfishness, and no one is a lady or a gentleman, whatever may be his or her rank or appearance, if this test of consideration for others, when applied to their conduct, finds it wanting. It used to be said that "Well-bred people at home would be well-bred people abroad;" but if this ancient theory does not hold good in modern days, it is high time that some Turvey-drop professor of deportment should take the manners of the rising generation in hand, for the credit of the American public and American civilization.

AN UNFRAGRANT ROSE.

If anybody still supposes that women have all their rights, let him look at the recent Rose will case in New Jersey.

Several years ago, in Newark, a woman of a moderate fortune married a poor and worthless man named John N. Rose. Mr. Rose, thinking that his marriage had brought him pecuniarily into clover, gave himself up to indolence. He was content to live on his wife's income, and made no attempt to earn a penny of his own. Happiness, accordingly, did not smile on the married pair. It seems from the evidence that the thrifty wife held him more and more in disgust. At last, she proposed an amicable separation. But in order that he might not be thrown upon the world penniless, and be pointed at as a poor

unprotected creature, his wife made a liberal provision for his support—giving him part of her fortune, and keeping part for herself. Soon afterwards she died, as her friends say, of a broken heart. After her death, it was found that she had left a will, bequeathing to her parents part of the property left by herself at the time of her separation from her husband. This will, her mean-spirited and cowardly husband immediately attempted to break on the ground that a married woman had no right to dispose of her property without her husband's consent.

It will hardly be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that a New Jersey court, forgetting justice and making equity a mockery, has sustained the dastardly attempt of this unworthy husband to cheat his dead wife's parents out of a patrimony with which she supposed she was to make them comfortable in their old age.

If there is no law to punish Mr. John N. Rose, of Newark, N. J., let his name be held up to the scorn of all women and the contempt of all men.

ERRATA.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton sends us the following humorous and characteristic note:

Will your kind editor reprove your malicious little "devil" for making such havoc with my letter to you last week, and putting me at loggerheads with the pleasant people mentioned therein, beside committing an unpardonable offence against all humanity, in substituting that ordinary agricultural implement—the *hoe*—for the divine afflatus of *love*. By substituting *books* for *looks*, he has robbed Belle Bush of the charming virtue of humility, and pronounced her poems as meek as the lily of the valley; printing *nice* for *wise* robs President Allen of the merited compliment I paid him; for to be called a nice man is always equivocal. Stately Mrs. Gleason, too, is said to have "a *quiet impulsive* manner"—two qualities quite diverse; *impressive* is better. Please see that that imp plays no such pranks with my next epistle.

Everything is excellent in Mrs. Stanton except her handwriting, and this is unqualifiedly bad. Indeed, we have no doubt that the above note of corrections is as full of typographical blunders as the previous printed letter which she thus corrects. Her public critics ought to know her failings in this respect; and hereafter when she makes any particularly reprehensible statement, they should credit it, not to any moral perversity in her character, but to the magnificent illegibility of her chirography.

LETTER FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The following letter from the PRESIDENT of the AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY to the mass Convention now in session at Niagara Falls, held under the auspices of THE UNION WOMAN SUFFRAGE SOCIETY, breathes sentiments that have often been spoken from the platform by that noble advocate of WOMAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT:

BROOKLYN, August 1, 1870.

MR. E. A. STUDWELL:—I should be glad to attend the Convention at Niagara Falls, but at this season of the year I am shut up to my farm, not only by choice, but by necessity. I hope that you may have a favorable time, and that your speakers may be full of weighty matter, that shall not only be of present interest to the meeting, but be food for thought afterward. It is plain to me, that although, perhaps the sanguine plans indulged among us by the most hopeful may be fulfilled just as, or as soon as, we desire, yet that a very great amelioration is to take place in regard to woman's condition in America, and that her industrial resources—her rights of personality, and her influence upon society—are to be augmented, and that too without lowering her regal nature, or disturbing her proper relations to the household. Christianity has not yet borne its full fruit in the development of woman's character and power.

Very truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE NEW YORK STATE SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION AT SARATOGA, JULY 28 AND 29,—SPEECHES BY THE REV. OLYMPIA BROWN, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, AND OTHERS.

At the opening of the convention, Hathorn Hall was crowded to overflowing.

Mrs. Wright, President of the State society being absent, Mrs. Gage presided. In opening the proceedings she congratulated the members on the record of the year, instanced the Wyoming jury as an evidence of progress.

Mrs. Blake read a report from the New York City organization an auxiliary society to the State organization.

The Rev. Olympia Brown followed. She was disposed to think that many of the audience were present only through curiosity to behold, for the first time, woman on the platform. The words of Jesus came down through eighteen hundred years to these idle, showloving women of Saratoga, bidding them go about the Father's business; finding it, if need be, in the byepaths. She then turned her attention to the first opponent of women's rights, the Apostle Paul, claiming that his very admonitions showed that woman was even then advancing to a higher development, and that, unused to her new privileges, she probably was a little over-earnest and noisy—a tendency which Paul thought it well to rebuke. She claimed that man and woman were to be co-laborers in everything; that wherever they were separated, as in gambling-hells and in Congress, drunkenness, profanity, and the other vices follow.

It was an evidence of progress that all men are writing and arguing on the suffrage question. Mrs. Blake offered a resolution of thanks to the Connecticut Legislature for its action concerning woman. The resolution was adopted.

Miss Susan B. Anthony here stepped on the platform amid great applause. She said she was present to announce that Kansas would again vote on the question, when its advocates would fill every hamlet with speakers. She seemed to retain some of the momentum of the train she had left and to be still breathing prairie air, for she spoke with a snap of undeniable determination. All her hope was in the West. The east was a mummy. Look at Vermont! Only one vote for woman suffrage! As well expect her old Green Mountains to become rivers as that her old mountaineers would support an advanced idea. The fifteenth amendment was passed, while women were left with idots, lunatics and criminals. Even the negro was taken from among them.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention met again at 4 p.m. Mrs. Blake spoke on the good the ballot is to do for the working-women; her chief reason being that it would make her an object of attention to the politicians, who would give her planks in platforms. An eight-hour law is passed for men, but none for women. With the ballot they could obtain the same wages as men.

Mrs. M. Adelle Hazlitt, President of the North-West Association, called for every possible objection, and promised to answer them. The session was closed with a plea for working-women by Miss Anthony.

EVENING SESSION.

Mrs. M. Adelle Hazlitt answered questions and objections handed in after the afternoon session.

To the question, is the ballot a natural or political right?—she replied that it was a natural right, belonging to men and women alike.

Is it not the natural vocation of women to be a wife and mother?—It may be, but women should have the full right to choose their husbands.

Does not the Bible enjoin it upon woman to be subject to her husband?—Paul found certain usages in vogue, and did the best he could to conform to them. He said that the man was the head of the wife, the same as Christ was the head of the Church. Christ submitted to be put to death for the church, and if man would do the same, he is worthy of being the head of the wife, and would be respected and beloved as few husbands are.

Can woman enforce the laws she would make if enfranchised?—There would be plenty of men to enforce laws if women had votes to give as a reward. Women are now solicited to attend political meetings, and give their influence to a cause. Why should they not have votes and be allowed to exercise the right? They need not be in any more danger of insult in going to the polls than in attending meetings. Mrs. Hazlitt closed with a really eloquent and stirring peroration.

A few remarks were made by Miss Anthony and Miss O. Brown, and the meeting adjourned.

MORNING SESSION.

Susan B. Anthony occupied the chair. Mrs. Blake presented an amendment to the constitution, changing the name to "New York State Suffrage Society," which, being read, was adopted. A list of officers was presented, with Mrs. Gage as President. Mrs. Gage declining, the report was referred back to fill the vacancy. Mrs. M. E. J. Gage presented the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, Two National Woman's Suffrage Societies, both working for the enfranchisement of woman, are now in existence; and

Whereas, An effort has been, and is now, under consideration, to consolidate said organizations; therefore,

Resolved, That the New York State Suffrage Society stand aloof from either national organization until such effort has been made to unite into one organization all the friends of the cause.

Resolved, That this Society authorize the Executive Committee to take such action as, in their judgment, will promote a union of forces.

A letter from Charlotte B. Wilbour was read, propounding questions for this male Republic to answer:

First—How did the Fathers obtain a right to vote; if a conventional right, convention of whom?

Second—When the Fathers left the kingdom of George III., they left hereditary privileges, and were equals; they declared their purpose to establish a government on the basis of common humanity, and the law or natural rights; they clearly asserted that precedents were worth nothing. Taking this account as correct, the Fathers put the privilege to govern as a natural right. Then, as all have common rights, and the vote is one means fixed upon to use the right: as we all have common birth, our birth-right must needs be common; as the right of self-government is claimed by males as a birthright, by virtue of their relation to God and humanity, a woman stands in precisely the same relation to God and man, having the same birthright. Since nobody bestowed the privilege on males, why should woman look to her fellow-heirs of God and humanity for her share in the common heritage?

Rev. Olympia Brown made an address presenting numerous arguments for suffrage. Give them suffrage, and many women now devoted to the frivolities of fashion would have a purpose in life, and become strengthened to pursue it. It is the duty of all women to prepare themselves for duty which may be imposed on them; also for the benefit of others. They should, as a duty, make themselves acquainted with all subjects of public interest. Woman has a living soul, journeying toward heaven, and everything which tends to improve her should be encouraged, to make her the intellectual companion of her husband. Woman, morally and intellectually developed to an equality with man, will be more prized as companions of men. She recommended woman to read works on the Government, and also the daily papers.

Susan B. Anthony came forward to answer the question, "Is the right to vote a natural one?" All males excluded now are so excluded for cause, as idiots, lunatics, criminals, and in some States for lack of education; but women are excluded impliedly for the sex. The only reason she could see for men monopolizing the right of suffrage was because they were smart enough to secure it at first, and so they retain it. Up to the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment there was nothing in the United States Constitution against giving suffrage to women; and the adoption of that amendment was a severe blow at the movement for equal suffrage. It put up a barrier. It renders necessary a sixteenth amendment prohibiting the disfranchisement of any persons on account of sex.

Mr. Burnap uttered a protest against the recommendation of newspapers as a means of the education of women for the performance of political duties, because they did not treat the questions of suffrage fairly.

Mrs. Hazlitt said the Press had done all that could be expected of it. They had fairly reported the proceedings of its meetings, and when the people demanded more they could have it.

A list of officers was adopted as follows:

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT.—MARTHA C. WRIGHT, Auburn.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Mrs. Reuben E. Fenton, Jamestown; Ellen K. Baker, Buffalo; Frederick Douglass, Rochester; Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva; C. D. B. Mills, Syracuse; Mrs. Dexter A. Knowlton, Saratoga; Daniel Ketchum, Albany; H. Hallock, Milton; Lillie Devereux Blake, N. Y.; Laura Curtis Bullard, Brooklyn.

SECRETARY.—Eleanor Kirk, New York.

TREASURER.—Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., New York.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Edwin A. Studwell, Brooklyn; Phebe Cary, New York; Stephen M. Griswold, Brooklyn; Charlotte B. Wilbour, New York; Elizabeth C. Browne, Owego.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

SARATOGA, July 29.

In the afternoon session of the Woman's Suffrage Convention, Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, Secretary, presented the annual report, in compliance with the constitution. She has succeeded in receiving twenty-one additional names for county vice-presidents.

Two thousand five hundred copies of appeals, tracts, circulars, petitions, etc., have been printed during the year. The Secretary has written five hundred letters, visited eleven counties, and managed two literary lectures, the net proceeds of which have been placed in the treasury of the Association. Particular progress has been made in Erie county, and in the southern part of this State. Of the petitions sent out, many are sent direct to members of Congress, and the Secretary sent a roll containing three thousand names to the Joint Congressional Committee. It is estimated that the names of six thousand petitioners were sent from this State. Thanks were returned to the lecturers who have favored the movement, including Anna Dickinson, Olive Logan, Wendell Phillips, and Nasby, who have done much to change the public sentiment. The Treasurer has received $852.20, and paid out $532.00, leaving $319.90 in hand.

Mrs. Gage followed with an address on "The Wrongs of Women under the Present Laws."

Miss Olympia Brown took up the same theme, debating various points made by Mrs. Gage.

EVENING SESSION.

Upon calling the evening session to order, Mrs. Blake, the Vice-President, stated that she was a native of North Carolina, instead of Connecticut, as reported.

Mrs. Hazlitt and Rev. Miss Brown addressed the Convention at length, with their usual eloquent and forcible manner.

Susan B. Anthony closed the session with an address, in which she paid a feeling tribute to the Hon. William Hays, of Saratoga, an old friend of Woman's Suffrage, who died last winter. In speaking of the services performed by women during the rebellion, she stated that the celebrated Mother Bickerdite, who performed such great services, never received any compensation, and was, at this time, so poor as to be obliged to go out and work by the day, in order to earn a living.

MATHILDE.

BY LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

Continued from Page 59.

Every day she wound herself more closely around the old miser's heart. A piano, harp and guitar found their way to her; all the books that she wished followed them. He procured the best masters for her, so that she might pursue her education still further. The little house round the corner was almost too small to hold her new possessions, and Uncle Jacob astonished his sister one day by taking her to see a new house which he had bought and furnished, and in which he invited her to take up her abode with him.

It was done, and Mathilde presided over the establishment; for her mother still kept the store, since it neither occurred to her or her brother that she should give it up. Mathilde was in her element in administering to her uncle's comfort. She prepared all sorts of dainty dishes for him; every evening she played and sung to him by the hour together, though she was well aware that he invariably went to sleep during her performances. It would have astonished all his creditors, had they seen that beautiful girl, when his regular breathing showed that he slept, steal to his side and stoop to kiss his wrinkled forehead, as she put some light covering over him, that he might not take cold.

Of course, Mathilde had her admirers; she counted them by scores, but she favored no one in particular—a fact which gratified Uncle Jacob much, for he was jealously sensitive to her leaving him for some other who should usurp his place in her heart.

While matters were going on thus happily with the German family, all was equally pleasant in the mansion of the Candelwick's. Harry had returned from Europe, every way improved—so said both mamma and daughters in the Avenue circles. He was courted, caressed, and flattered, till he was in imminent danger of becoming that most abominable of creatures, a vain man.

Harry had apparently forgotten his old penchant for Mathilde. He listened placidly to a casual remark of his mother's, to the effect that the girl was married te some Dutchman with an unpronounceable name—for Mrs. Candelwick considered it most likely that she was married, and thought it no harm to destroy—by this announcement, any lingering fancy for her, if it still existed in Harry's heart. She might have spared her conscience this load, though, to do that part of her moral constitution justice, it did not weigh very heavily upon it, for her son, when one day he sauntered into the news-depot, was so struck by the vulgarity of the woman who had so narrowly escaped being his mother-in-law, that he absolutely shuddered with disgust.

It may be guessed, therefore, that he took no particular pains to renew his former acquaintance with her daughter. But, nevertheless, he did renew it, and it happened in this wise: At one of Thalberg's Concerts he was seated next to a young lady, to whom his attention was attracted by the sweetness of her voice, the purity of her accent, and the fluency with which she spoke French.

She was original and piquant in her style of conversation; and though he could not get a full view of her face, for she sat turned away from him, he felt sure he had known her somewhere.

At last, a sudden movement of hers enabled him to see her distinctly, and he recognized Mathilde at once, changed only by becoming lovlier than ever. The gentleman who was her companion he concluded was her husband and involuntarily he felt a pang of jealousy.

What was his delight, then, to hear her addressed by her escort as Mademoiselle. His mother had been misinformed, it was evident. He resolved to speak to her.

Yet the remembrance of his former offense withheld him from making any direct advances. During one of Thalberg's most exquisite fantasias, he perplexed himself with so many plans for bringing himself to the notice of his fair neighbor, who had neither eyes nor ears for anything but the performance, that he did not hear one note of the music. She dropped her fan, but she did not observe it. Harry did; and hastily picked it up, and waiting till Thalberg had ceased playing, he presented it to her with a respectful bow. Their eyes met and she recognized him at once.

To his delight, she appeared to have forgotten all the past, and treated him with the polite attention due to an ordinary acquaintance. He exerted himself to play the agreeable; and just before she left the concert-room, as she did not seem disposed to ask him to call on her, he screwed up his courage so far as to request permission to visit her. She hesitated—showed a little embarrasssment; but finally accorded it, and gave him her address.

Harry wasted no time in delays. He embraced the earliest opportunity to call on Mathilde; for it is as well to admit, what the young man was obliged to confess to himself, that this one sight of Mathilde had roused to new life the passion which he had imagined dead. He loved Mathilde with his whole soul. He became as constant an attendant upon her as her own shadow; and though uncle Jacob was very ungracious to him he, hoped that he was not equally disagreeable to Mathilde. He would have given worlds to know what we could have told him—that the fact of his being allowed to visit her at all, since he was no favorite of Uncle Jacob's, was a proof of more than common interest on her part.

It was a very sage remark of somebody's that, "when two people are in love with each other, they will certainly find some way of making it known." Love, like murder, will out; and so it proved in the case of Harry and Mathilde.

But after the first blissful moments consequent on their confessions of mutual affection, they awoke to a past which they had quite forgotten, viz.:—that there are other people in the world besides themselves; and both were well aware, that however gratifying to each other was the knowledge of their mutual love—it would fail to be equally pleasing to their friends on either side.

They were decidedly in the minority, and Mathilde, like a good American citizen, had no idea of rebelling against the decision of the majority. She vetoed at once Harry's proposition to marry in spite of everybody's disapproval, and declared her positive determination never to marry against the will of Harry's mother. She said nothing about her own mother and Uncle Jacob, for she knew, by past experience, her influence over them; and though she foresaw that there would be a struggle, she gave herself no great uneasiness with regard to the final result.

She had not over-estimated her power; yet it was a work of difficulty to obtain her mother's consent, and a still more difficult task to gain Uncle Jacob's; but she did not despair. She very well knew that if there was one being on earth whom Jacob Steinhardt hated with all his soul, it was Thomas Candelwick, Esq. He had his reasons for this aversion, which he never gave; but whatever they were, they laid a fixed foundation for a hatred as immoveable as the everlasting hills. If the idea of giving his beloved Mathilde to any one would have been painful, as it certainly would, that of bestowing her on the son of his bitterest enemy was insupportable. The old man forbade Harry's coming to the house, and declared that he never would consent to the marriage, and to this determination he adhered for some time. But when he saw his niece losing her spirits and growing paler and thinner, though she submitted uncomplainingly to his decision, and treated him as kindly as ever—administering to all his wants as assiduously and tenderly as if he were not thwarting her dearest wishes—it quite overcame him.

One day when she had been sitting by his side and singing to him, until, as she supposed, he had gone to sleep, she stooped over him and smoothing his gray locks, softly kissed his brow. He opened his eyes, and drawing her close to him, he whispered, "Niece Mattie, you are good child! you shall have your own way. Let the young man come."

And so Mathilde gained her point, and the old Jew learned that purest of love's lessons—self-sacrifice.

Not long after this, Harry, on one of his numerous visits, bounded in so joyfully that Mathilde read good news in his very eyes.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, flinging his arms around his betrothed, in a transport of delight.

"Foolish fellow!" said Mathilde, gently extricating herself from his embrace. "What now?"

"A message from my mother, sweetest. Can you not guess what it is?"

"Her gracious consent, I suppose, and pardon for my presumption in lifting my eyes to you, my liege," said Mathilde with mock humility.

"And under her own hand and seal," continued Harry, giving a daintily perfumed epistle to the girl.

Mathilde took it, smilingly, opened and read it. As her eyes rested on the lines, her countenance changed.

"Did you know the contents of this note?" she asked her lover, almost sternly. "That she wished me, in becoming one of her family, to forget that I ever belonged another? To cut loose from all former associations! To desert my mother and uncle! These are the despicable conditions on which she gives her consent. Did you know it? Speak! You could not. Only tell me that you did not!"

But Harry's eyes were downcast, and he made no reply.

"This is too much!" she said, with flashing eyes, crumpling the note in her fingers as she spoke. Her voice trembled. "Oh, Harry!" she cried, "that you could lend yourself to such a scheme as this!" and, her momentary anger spent, she burst into a flood of tears, and buried her face in her hands.

Her lover strove to soothe her.

"Mathilde," he said, "it was not my doing. I tried every possible means to prevent her imposing those conditions. Yet is it not written, that a woman shall forsake father and mother, and cleave to her husband. I hoped, too, that my love would supply the place of all others. It would be so with me. If I had but you in this world I should be content. I could give up everything but my Mathilde, and count it no sacrifice. But you do not love me thus."

"Harry," she answered, "you know that I love you! You do not doubt my affection. I know that you cannot. I love you with my whole heart and soul; yet, nevertheless, I will never become your wife on such conditions. I will never enter a home as its mistress, where my mother and my uncle cannot find a home also; or, if he does not wish that, where my dearly beloved uncle, who has been my kindest friend from childhood until now, shall not be at liberty to come at all times, and whenever he chooses, as a welcome, honored and respected guest. That is my reply to you and your sophistical arguments. To your mother, my answer is, that I spurn her insulting proposition with the contempt it deserves. Farewell, Harry," she said, kissing his forehead, as she passed by him where he was sitting, with downcast eyes, on the sofa; and before he could reply, she had left the room.

Uncle Jacob, in the back parlor, had been an unseen witness of this interview. He caught a glimpse of the pale face and streaming eyes of his niece, as she went up the staircase to her chamber, and the sight of her sorrow woke a fierce rage in his heart. He had hardly dared breathe till he heard her reply to Harry's pleadings for he knew what it cost her to give her lover up, and though he exulted in this new proof of her love for him, her old uncle, he hated those who had applied so severe a test more fiercely than ever.

He strode into the room where Harry still sat.

"I have heard it all," he said, through his clenched teeth. "This is your boasted love—to insinuate yourself into her heart by fair words and false arts, and then to trample on her more sacred feelings. You are a worthy son of your race. Your father wronged me once. He did me a bitter wrong, such as one man never forgives another, but for her sake I would not visit the sins of the father on the child. I gave her to you, and this is my reward. You have insulted her, and wrung her heart. She is an angel, but I am not. Begone! while I have self-control enough to restrain me from laying violent hands on you. But, remember, that if ever it is in my power—and it will be yet—you and your cursed mother shall weep bitter tears for every one that you have made her shed."

Harry did not attempt to defend himself. He felt that it was useless, and with a respectful bow, he left old Jacob fairly gnashing his teeth with rage.

Again and again, did Harry try to gain access to Mathilde, but it was in vain. He felt that all was over; he feared that, even should his mother consent unconditionally, it would be too late. Old Jacob would be implacticable and Mrs. Candelwick showed no disposition to yield. Indeed, she was secretly rejoiced that the affair had terminated thus; and though Harry was gloomy, unsocial, and moody, she trusted to time to restore him to himself. As to old Steinhard's threats of revenge, she had never heard of them, nor did Harry ever think of them, except as idle ebulitions of rage; but there came a time when he was forced to remember them but too well.

Hermann Van der Zandt had, ever since his marriage with Maria Candelwick, been engaged in business. Large as was the dowry of his bride, it would not alone have enabled him to live in the princely style which he had thought befitting the ancient house of Van der Zandt. He seemed anxious, by the magnifi- of his menage, to dazzle poeple's eyes so that they should not see the blot on his escutcheon by his mesalliance. For a time, all went smoothly. The young man plunged deeply into speculations which proved singularly fortunate, and money rolled in upon him in abundance. But the tide turned, and in a rash attempt to retrieve his fallen fortunes, he plunged deeper and deeper into difficulty. His father-in-law assisted him with money and advice; the former he took, but the latter he slighted, till Mr. Candelwick refused to lend him further aid, hoping thus to bring his son-in-law to his senses. But the young man only turned to new resources and angrily forbade any interference in his affairs, resenting his father's well-meant attempt at restraint, and assuring him proudly that he was getting over all his former embarrassments. He had, indeed, found temporary relief at the hands of the well-known money-lender, Jacob Steinhardt, but it was a false security into which he was lulled.

It needed not any effort of the old miser to hasten Hermann's downfall. In a short time he was completely involved in meshes which he had himself woven, and wholly in the power of Steinhardt. It was only on the Jew's sufferance that his credit remained good a single day. At a word from Jacob he would be a ruined man; and the old miser looked on at the frantic struggles of his victim to escape with a grim delight. More than once the proud Hermann Van der Zandt had to humble himself almost to supplication of his creditors; more than once did he realize, with a keen pang, that "the borrower is 'indeed' servant to the lender."

At last, when all was ripe for his purpose, Jacob refused to lend more. In vain, Hermann urged that to refuse now was utter disgrace and ruin; while, if he had but time and a little more money, he should surely be able to struggle safely through all his difficulties. Jacob was inexorable, and Hermann driven to despair at the idea of becoming bankrupt, fell. He forged two notes on Jacob Steinhardt, and raised money upon them for his present need, hoping to be able to pay them at maturity, and thus obtain relief without the discovery of his crime. But before they became due the forgery was detected.

A gleam of fiendish joy lighted the old Jew's eyes. This was better even than he had hoped. He had an opportunity now to repay his old enemy, Thomas Candelwick, for past injuries, and, with interest; and the illness of his loved Mathilde, who had, ever since her separation from her lover, been fading like a flower broken from its parent stem, instead of softening his heart, only made him the more bitter and unrelenting. She had inherited from her father's family a tendency to consumption, but he felt that the Candelwick's were her murderers, and the thought only added to the debt of hatred he owed them.

Hermann was arrested, and the old man gloated over his coming triumph. In vain, Thomas Candelwick offered to pay double the sum forfeit. Jacob was inexorable.

At last, in their despair, Maria and her mother came to the old Jew's house, to try and soften him. In vain. This visit was only an additional feature in his triumph. He treated the ladies with a mock politeness that was more galling than positive insult, and, at last, unable to control himself longer, he exclaimed, in reply to Mrs. Candlewick's entreaties—

"Yes, madam, you, who scorned the idea of a daughter-in-law from the German family, will have the high-born son-in-law an inmate of a States' prison."

"Let us go." said Mrs. Candelwick, stung to the quick by this insult. It is useless to plead longer. We only humiliate ourselves in vain."

As she spoke, she assisted her daughter who, exhausted by weeping, could hardly stand, to rise, and was leaving the room, when she was arrested by a voice behind her.

"Stay, ladies," it said. "Uncle, what is this?" and a pale, wasted girl, who had entered unobserved, sank feebly on a sofa.

"It is nothing, my child," he said gently. "Only a business matter, which we had concluded, and which does not concern you. Why should you trouble yourself about business?"

"But I want to know what it is," she persisted. "I have heard something of it. I must know it all."

The old man pulled a bell. "Show the ladies out," he said to the servant who answered his summons; but Maria sprang toward Mathilde.

"You look gentle and merciful," she said, and he speaks kindly to you. Perhaps to you he will grant what he refuses me with bitter contempt. It is not my husband's life I ask, but a far greater boon—that we may be saved from public dishonor. Oh, will you not plead for me? Angel that you seem, you may, perhaps, soften him.

Mathilde trembled from head to foot. She turned deathly pale, and could not speak.

Her uncle saw her palor, and, beside himself with anger, he shook Maria roughly by the shoulders as she knelt before his niece.

"Woman," he said, "would you kill her? Do you not see that this agitation is death to her in her weak state. Begone!"

"No, no, uncle," said the girl faintly, but holding Maria's hand firmly. "Do not speak so harshly. It is nothing—I am better. Tell me, did I hear aright? Are you Harry's sister, and is your husband guilty of the crime of forging my uncle's name?"

Maria could only bow her head in mute assent, while a blush of shame suffused her pale features.

"And does it rest with you, dear uncle, to punish or forgive this crime?"

"Yes," said the old man, shortly.

"And what is the penalty?"

"A residence in a prison," said Jacob, with a triumphant smile.

The girl took his hand fondly, and drawing him closer to her, whispered a few words in his ear. But his brow clouded, and he said firmly, "No, Mathilde."

The words reached Mrs. Candelwick's ear.

"Inhuman and unfeeling monster!" she muttered.

Mathilde heard her.

"Madam," she said, with a flash of her old spirit, "I think you forget that it is not justice you claim, but a favor you ask. My uncle is stern and rigid in his notions of right. He is upright himself—his name is stainless. He is strict in the regulation of his own conduct, and he exacts equal strictness from others."

"My dear uncle," she said, turning again to him, "Can you refuse your little Mathilde this favor she asks of you. She will not be with you long, oh! would it not wring your heart, when she is gone, to remember that she asked you a favor on her dying bed, and you refused it."

The old man groaned. "Do not talk so my child," he said. "You are young—you will be better soon. You will not—you shall not die."

"My days are numbered," she answered, gently. "Dear uncle, you never refused me before. Will you not grant my request?"

He bowed assent. What could he have refused her, as he saw her pale and wasted, on the brink of the grave?

"Give me the notes!" she continued.

He opened a pocket-book, took them out, and placed them in her emaciated hand.

"May I do with them as I like, dear uncle?" she asked.

Again he assented.

"Take these," she said, giving them to Maria, "and when you think of Jacob Steinhardt, remember that his enemies were in his power, and he requited evil with good."

Maria burst into hysterical tears of joy. She seized Mathide's hand and covered it with kisses.

"Go to your husband," said the girl, feebly waving her hand as a token of dismissal; and with oft-repeated exclamations of gratitude, the visitors departed.

"One more favor," said Mathilde, as the door closed after them. "Raise me in your arms, dear uncle, and let me whisper it in your ear. Harry will be here soon. You will let me see him once more?"

The old man shook his head. "It will be too much for you, darling. You are feverish with excitement now. To-morrow, if you are able."

She interrupted him.

"No, no! to-day. I must see him. I am childish, perhaps—I know I am. I have been sick so long, and I am so weak. But you will indulge your pet in this?"

"Yes, dearest. If he comes you shall see him. But do not get excited in watching for him; he may not be here."

"Oh! he will—he will," she exclaimed. I shall see Harry to-day, for he will surely come. Let me lie on this sofa awhile."

"And will you not try to sleep?"

"Yes, dear uncle, for while I am sleeping I shall be unconscious of the lapse of time; and when I awake, Harry will be here."

She laid down quietly, and slept for a short time. Her uncle watched by her bedside. Suddenly she awoke with a start.

"He is here! Let me see him, uncle," she cried.

"You have been dreaming, my child," he said tenderly. "He has not come yet."

"He is here," she persisted, I heard his step, his voice."

As she spoke a servant entered, bringing a card. With a cry of joy, Mathilde snatched it, and in another moment she was in the arms of her lover, who had followed close behind the servant.

Never had she looked more beautiful. Her face was radiant with happiness; excitement lent a flush to her cheek and a sparkle to her eye, and it was hard to believe that these signs of health were but too illusive.

For a few days, indeed, she did seem to rally, and all hoped that she might yet be spared. She alone was never deceived. She lingered a few weeks—lingered until she had won the hearts of Harry's mother and sister; so that for her own sake, as well as for the gratitude the owed her, she was very dear to them. She lingered until her uncle's iron nature was completely softened; until she felt sure that he could utter the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" until she had won from him a promise that Harry should be to him a son in place of the daughter he was about to lose;—and then, her mission accomplished, she fell asleep. But her memory long lived in the hearts of those she had left behind her. For many years, on the anniversary of her death, the old man, leaning on the arm of Harry, went to that grave, and there the two mourners renewed their vow she had required of them, to love each other as she had loved them. The old man slumbers beside her now, and Harry, a grave and silent man, spends his life in good works, looking forward for his reward to that other world, where he hopes to be united to her who has gone before, and where partings are unknown.

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